

CHANDAMAMA

FEBRUARY 1985

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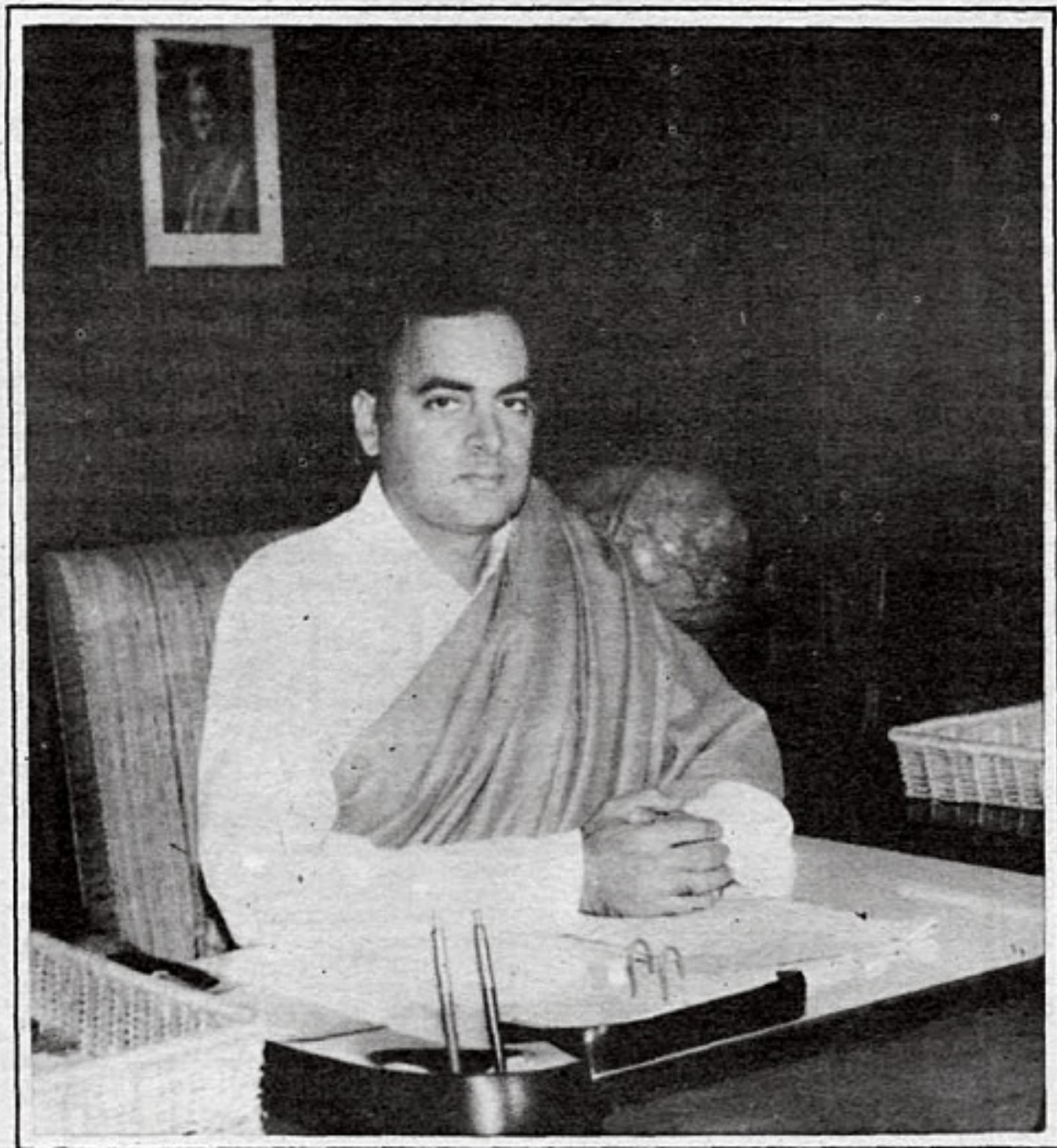


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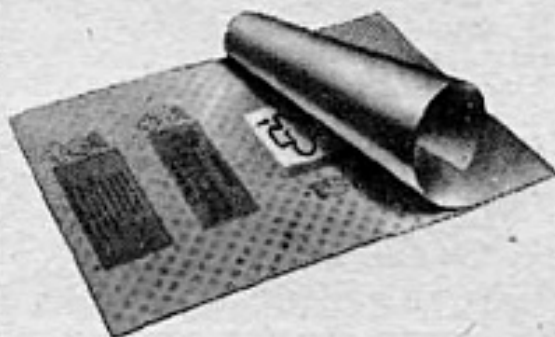
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- *The Story of River Tamasa — through pictures*
- *Lost in Search of the Lost City! — an unsolved mystery*
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Thoughts to be Treasured

"Grant us brotherhood, not only for this day but for all our years—a brotherhood not of words but of acts and deeds."

—Stephen Vincent Benet

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AND Newsflash, Do You Know, Let Us Know and More!



CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

LAUGHS FROM MANY LANDS

We are sure, you are enjoying the comic feature, *Laugh with Nasruddin*. To be able to laugh without rancour is one of the finest traits of man. The character of Nasruddin personified this trait. No doubt the wit and wisdom of generations have gone into the making of this character as we have known him by now.

But there are numerous other characters and tales in the traditions of different countries that inspire us to healthy laughter. Your magazine is widening its scope. The comic feature will no longer remain confined to Nasruddin; it will, from the next issue, move to pastures new in search of food for laughs.

Wish you more merriment!



काव्यशास्त्रविनोदेन कालो गच्छति धीमताम् ।

व्यसनेन तु मूर्खानां निद्रया कलहेन वा ॥

Kāvyaśāstravinodena kālo gacchati dhīmatām

Vyasanena tu mūrkhānām nidrayā kalahena 'vā

The wise use their time enjoying scriptures and poetry. Fools waste their time indulging in luxury, sleep or quarrel.

— The Hitopadeshah



We are fascinated by the series, "Legends and Parables of India". We never knew that India had such a rich tradition of such wonderful stories. Will you please tell us how such stories were formed?

—Mukul Kumar and classmates, Lucknow.

No doubt, India has the biggest share in the treasure of world's legends and parables. Scholars agree that the fables of Aesop and parables of the Old Testament—at least some of them—had their origin in India.

Legends and parables are not always the same. A legend generally has its source in history or some real happening, though it may not be literally factual. For instance, a man was compassionate and he gave away all his wealth to another man in dire need. This may be fact. An imaginative story-teller may show the needy man in a critical situation and bring the compassionate man to the scene at the right moment to give the incident a dramatic touch.

Parables are tales with morals. They might have been true or they might have been invented by a gifted mind to illustrate a truth. But if a parable has prevailed for a long time, it surely contains some truth.

Most of the legends and parables of India contain some lofty lessons. They bear the stamp of wisdom and experience of our ancestors.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.

Krishna

—By Manoj Das

(The war — famous as the great Mahabharata War — broke out between the Pandavas and the Kauravas. Krishna acted as Arjuna's charioteer and guided him safe through many a danger.)

THE DEMON IN THE BATTLE

A great jolt and surprise awaited the Kauravas on the fourteenth day of the war. It came from an unexpected source.

Bhima had once married a demoness named Hidimba. Their son, Ghatotkach, who lived with his mother in the wilderness, had the instinctive power to know when his father

remembered him.

Remembered by Bhima, he at once reached Kurukshetra and began fighting for the Pandavas.

Huge in stature, his head was of the size of an elephant's, his eyes were red and his moustache was brown. His teeth were like shovels. His chariot, drawn by a hundred stout horses, was covered with bear-skin and a



fearful vulture sat atop it.

Panic and shiver ran through the Kauravas at the very sight of Ghatotkach. But they were yet to know that Ghatotkach's power was much more than they could imagine from his appearance. The young creature combined in him the ruthless nature of the demon-race with the strength and intelligence of man. What is more, he had learnt from the elder demons the best of magic and supernatural crafts known to them.

He dashed into the Kaurava's army with a roar that was louder than a hundred thunder-claps. Thereafter he created the illu-

sion of dozens of lions, tigers, serpents, eagles and vampires who seemed to rush or swoop down upon the Kauravas.

Needless to say, this led to an unprecedented situation. The soldiers were accustomed to fight human beings, not such strange creatures! They raised a hullabaloo and ran for their lives.

But what Ghatotkach created were not just illusions, they were forms of his power. They created havoc among the rank and file of the Kaurava's army, devouring or tearing asunder the fleeing soldiers. Captains and commanders of the numer-



ous Kaurava regiments fell by the dozen.

"Karna, if ever there was a need for your urgent intervention, the moment is now. Put an end to this menace by all means, or we are doomed to an ignoble defeat. Imagine the ridicule and insult that await us if we cannot protect ourselves from an unknown demon", the Kaurava heroes told Karna in one voice.

Karna hesitated for a moment. He had realised that no ordinary or even extraordinary weapons wielded by the heroes can kill Ghatotkach. There was only one weapon — known as the *Vaijayanti* — charged with

Indra's power that can kill the young demon. Must he use that up? That was the question.

"Karna! No time to lose. Please do something to save the situation!" shouted the heroes once again.

Karna saw the terrible devastation the demon wrought. He shut his eyes for a moment and called for the power granted to him by Indra and shot an arrow at Ghatotkach.

As soon as Ghatotkach saw the fierce arrow whizzing forward towards him, he knew that he was to die. At once he applied his last magic power. With the arrow touching his



chest, the illusions he had created vanished, but he made a leap into the clouds and enlarged himself to the size of a hill and then came down on the Kauravas.

He was dead, but thousands died crushed under his weight.

The death of Ghatotkach brought tears in Arjuna's eyes. Yudhisthira and Bhima too wept. But Krishna looked delighted and gave out a shout of joy.

"Is it not strange, Krishna, that you should rejoice at what makes us so sad?" Arjuna asked Krishna.

Krishna smiled and replied,

"My dear friend, do not forget why I am here. It is to make possible the triumph of good over evil. Your death would have foiled the mission. Karna had kept in reserve the most powerful weapon he had received from Indra, to apply it against you. But he was obliged to apply it against Ghatotkach. It could be used only once. Now that it is exhausted, you are safe. Secondly, Ghatotkach, after all, was a demon. He had no sense of value. He would have become a terror to the innocent if allowed to live. So, you see, two good things have happened. Should I not feel happy?"

To Continue



THE SULTAN AND THE FALCON

There was a young Sultan who was very proud of his wisdom. "Anything I do, I do after a good deal of thought," he said time and again.

His courtiers, who were always eager to please him, said in a chorus, "Oh yes, Your Highness, who can question your wisdom?"

There was only one man who would not keep quiet. He was the Sultan's old minister. When an opportunity came, he would say, "My young lord, one should not do anything in

haste!"

The Sultan did not understand why his minister thought it necessary to repeat this advice to him.

The Sultan had a pet falcon. It was a clever bird and most helpful to the Sultan, particularly when he went for hunting. It circled above his head and gave him indications where an animal of prey was stationed. It gave different indications if any danger was nearby.

The Sultan rarely parted from his pet.





One day the Sultan was in the forest with his hunting party. They chanced upon a very attractive deer. At once his followers threw a ring round the deer.

"Look here! Anyone by whose side the deer escapes will die!" shouted the Sultan. That alerted every member of the party. Each one got ready to shoot his arrow at the deer if it happened to pass by him.

The deer bent its forelegs and appeared to bow down. Before the Sultan had understood what it was going to do, it took a swift leap. It jumped out of the ring right over the Sultan's head!

The Sultan felt extremely un-

comfortable. He had threatened to kill anyone who would let the deer pass. Now the deer had escaped leaping over his own head!

"I must capture or kill the deer!" he announced and galloped on his horse in the direction of the deer.

The horse was no less swift than the deer. But in the forest it was easier for a deer to move about than a horse. For two hours the king galloped non-stop, pursuing the deer. Needless to say, he could keep track of the deer because of his falcon. It flew exactly the way the deer went.

At last the Sultan came to the end of the forest. There the thickets were not so dense. The Sultan could now take aim at the deer. He shot an arrow. The deer fell dead.

The Sultan was happy, but he was extremely tired. He sat down on a rock. Behind him was a hillock. The falcon sat down on the hillock.

The Sultan was thirsty. His eyes fell on a big leaf which looked like a cup. On it had accumulated a little water, drops falling from a bush on the hillock.

He knew that the little water

cannot quench his thirst, but at least he could moisten his tongue with it. He broke the leaf carefully and lifted it to his mouth.

Suddenly, in a swoop, the falcon dislodged the leaf from his hands and flew away again.

"Stupid bird, is this the way to quench your own thirst?" the Sultan said angrily.

Water was still falling in drops. He collected a little more of it by the help of another leaf. Again the falcon made a swoop. The leaf fell off the Sultan's hand. The angry Sultan signed the bird to come near him. As soon as it came, he drew his sword and struck it with its sharp edge. The bird fell bleeding and dying.

The Sultan climbed the hillock to trace the source of the water. What he saw was shock-

ing. The water was nothing but the saliva of a huge serpent that lay atop the hillock. Had he consumed it, he would have died. That is why the faithful falcon had prevented him from licking the content of the leaf!

Not far from the spot there was a spring. The Sultan could have quenched his thirst drinking from it. But he was too broken-hearted to do so. He rushed back to his falcon and swooned away, holding it on his lap.

His companions found him out an hour later. They revived him.

The Sultan remained sad for long. He now understood how hasty he had been in his actions. He realised why his old minister warned him again and again against thoughtless actions.



Princess Anastasia?

Recently an old woman living in a hut on the brink of a German forest died. Among those who silently plodded behind her coffin were two old Russians. "The last of the royal family is gone!" one murmured. "She was our last solace," said another.

She who died now in a ripe old age had been dragged out of a canal in Berlin in 1920, then a young lady. No doubt, she had jumped into the canal either in a state of unsound mind, or knowingly, in order to die. She reco-

vered her senses in a hospital.

Still in a daze, she confessed that she wanted to die. Why? Because her husband had been killed by some unknown assassin in Bucharest, the capital of Rumania, where she lived for some time. She escaped to Berlin, fearing danger to her own life and that of her child. But within hours of their arrival in Berlin, her escort who was her husband's brother and her child disappeared. She looked for them wandering in the streets, but in vain. She decided to put





an end to her life.

Why did she not inform the police about her missing child and brother-in-law? She would not answer the question easily. But when at last she answered, people who heard her were just stunned!

She said that she was reluctant to say who she was because that would almost certainly invite death to her! But, in a total despair now, she had no hesitation in saying that she was none other than Princess Anastasia, the youngest daughter of the last of Czar of Russia!

The last Czar, Nicholas Romanov II, his wife Czarina Alexandra and their five chil-

dren were shot dead in 1918 in a small Ural town. The killing was done by some extra-enthusiastic local members of the Bolshevik party which had led a successful revolution against the Czarist rule. The local members carried on the massacre without any direction from their leaders. That is why the killers of the royal family were tried and killed too.

But that is a different story. Let us return to the young woman in the hospital. She said that on that fateful day in 1918 the bullets shot at her by chance missed her. She lay senseless. Two workers who were carrying the dead bodies for disposal found out that she was alive. They took pity on her. With her they escaped to Bucharest. She married one of them. What happened thereafter has already been told.

The woman's story spread. A Russian nobleman living in exile visited her in the hospital. The woman not only recognised him but also told him where last she had seen him in Moscow.

The nobleman bowed to her, addressing her as a princess should be addressed.

Then came other Russians.

Some of them agreed that she was Princess Anastasia indeed; others said that she was a liar. It became a hot issue of debate between two camps.

There was reason for its becoming so hot! The Czar had fabulous fortunes outside his country. If the woman's claim that she was Anastasia proved true, she will inherit the entire wealth.

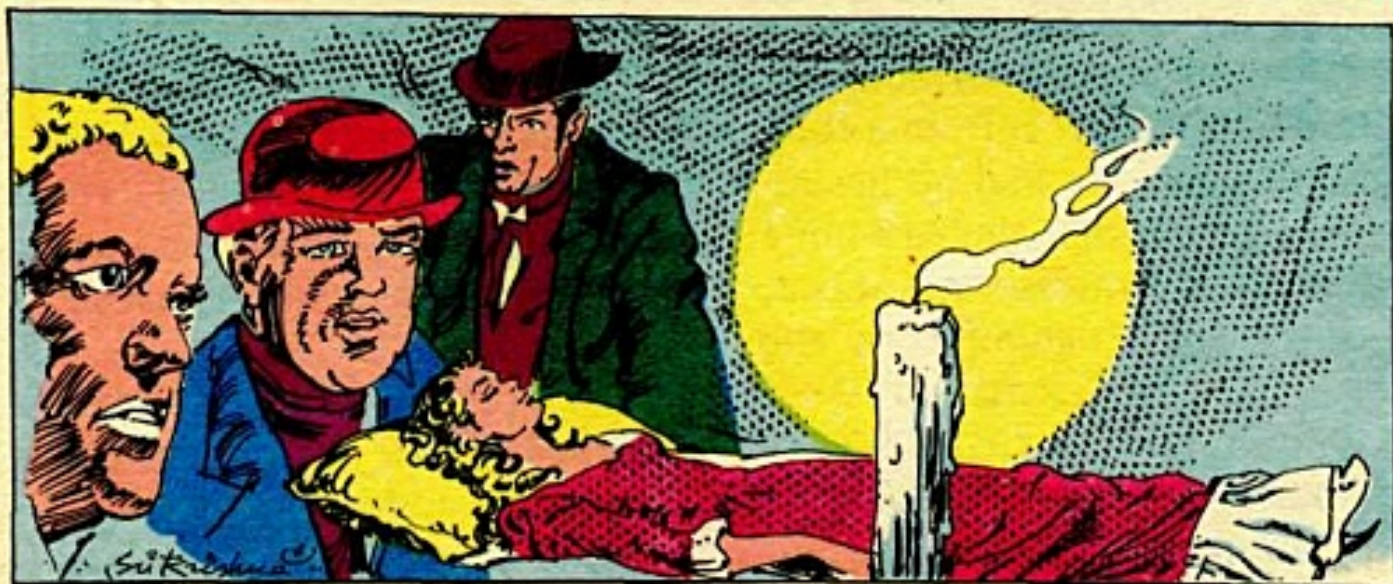
There were many others to claim portions of that wealth as the Czar's relatives. They will get nothing if Anastasia was alive!

While one of the cousins of the Czar, Prince Andrew, accepted her as Anastasia, another cousin, Grand Duke Cyril, rejected her claim out right. She came out with reminiscences of her childhood and details of some incidents in the

palace which no outsider could have known. But one great drawback in her claim was, she could not speak proper Russian. People who supported her claim said that she had forgotten the language because of the severe shock she received. Some psychologists found the argument quite valid.

Now that she is dead, the debate too is over. But the mystery remains alive. Was she really Princess Anastasia? If not, she must have been a highly accomplished artiste to play that kind of role for over sixty years!

And what about her knowledge of the household of the Czar? One possible explanation is, she might have been a maid in the palace who resembled the princess. But nobody remembers such a maid being on the staff.



Treasure Island

After a series of adventures on Treasure Island, young Jim Hawkins has fallen into the hands of Long John Silver who has led a mutiny on board the *Hispaniola*, the vessel which has brought Jim, Square Trelawney and Dr. Livesey to the island in search of treasure. While searching for the treasure with a pirate's map, Silver and his cut-throats hear a ghostly voice. They are convinced it is that of Captain Flint—the pirate who hid the treasure.



No sooner had he uttered these words than a volley of shots rang out, and two of the pirates fell dead. I turned and there was Dr. Livesey with Ben Gunn. The rest, apart from Silver, took to their heels. "Forward," cried Dr. Livesey, "we must head them off from the boats!"

The buccaneers, with oaths and cries, began to leap into the pit and dig with their fingers. But all that was found was a two-guinea piece. "You wooden headed lubber," roared the pirate who had found the piece of gold. "Is this all we're going to get for all we've been through!"



And with this we all set off at a great pace, with Silver accompanying us, as if he had been on our side all the time. The work that man went through, leaping on his crutch till the muscles of his chest were almost fit to burst.





Finally, the four of us had to stop for breath. It was at this point that Silver went up to Ben. "So it's you, Ben Gunn," he said, mopping his brow. "I'm Ben Gunn, I am," replied Ben, wriggling with embarrassment. "How do you do, Mr. Silver."

Ben, after some prompting from all of us, related what had taken place. Ben in his long wanderings around the island had found the skeleton, and in due course he had also found the treasure which he had carried on his back to a cave.



By the time he had finished his story we were fit enough to go on our journey which took us to the beach, where we found the boat which had brought us to the island. This the doctor promptly demolished so that Silver's villains could not use it.

After that, Ben took us to the cave where he had stored the treasure. There to my amazement I beheld great heaps of coins and bars of gold. This was Flint's treasure which we had come so far to seek....



When we eventually rejoined the Squire and the Captain of the *Hispaniola*, they were vastly surprised to see Silver with us. "What brings you here, man" demanded the captain. "Come back to do my dooty, Sir." returned Silver.



After showing our friends the treasure, we all settled down to a splendid supper. Never, I am sure, were people gayer or happier. And there was Silver, sitting back almost out of the firelight, eating heartily and even joining quietly in our laughter.





The next morning we fell early to work, transporting the gold, near a mile by land to the beach, and thence three miles by boat to the *Hispaniola*. Fortunately the three fellows still abroad on the island did not trouble us.

The treasure was a strange collection, much of it consisting of a large diversity of coinage. I think I never had more pleasure than in sorting them English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Georges and Louis, doubloons and double guineas. Nearly every variety of money in the world must have found a place in that collection.



By the fourth day, we had all the gold aboard, and were about to set sail, when we saw the three pirates on a spit of sand, with their arms raised in supplication. It went to all our hearts to leave them in this wretched state, but we could not risk another mutiny by taking them aboard.

At last, seeing the ship beginning to bear on her course, one of them leapt to his feet with a hoarse cry, whipped a musket to his shoulder, and sent a shot whistling over Silver's head....



After that we kept under cover of the bulwarks, and when I next looked out they were gone. Our first port of call on the way home was in the Spanish Americas, and it was there that Silver escaped from us. He did not go empty handed. He had cut through a bulwark unobserved and had removed one of our sacks of gold.



To cut a long story short, it was a good cruise. When we got home there was an ample share of the treasure for all of us. Captain Smollett is now retired from the sea, and Ben Gunn, after spending a thousand pounds in nineteen days was given a lodge to keep. Of Silver, we heard no more. But I have no doubt that he is doing well enough somewhere in this world.



Although I shall never see him again, there are still times when I hear the surf booming in my dreams, and I think then again of that accursed island. It is then that I sit upright in my bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

THE END

THE KING AND THE SCHOLAR

There was a king who was known for his eagerness to learn about God and the holy books.

One day, a young scholar met him and said, "I have mastered all the sacred books, particularly the Bhagavatam and the Gita. I shall be happy to answer any question on God you'd like to put to me."

The king looked at the scholar for some time. Then, bowing down to him, he said, "O pious young man, I shall be happy to

learn from you. Please study the scriptures for another year and come back to me."

"But I have mastered the scriptures!" asserted the scholar.

"Please read them for another year and come back to me," repeated the king in all humility.

The scholar felt rather puzzled. He went back and devoted another year to the study of scriptures. Then he returned to the king. "I have revised my



studies, just for your satisfaction. Now I am ready to teach you," he said.

"Are you?" asked the king, looking at the scholar with great curiosity. "I suggest that you devote another year to your studies," he said very politely.

The scholar was annoyed, but he did not dare to say anything harsh to the king. After all it was he who offered to teach the king; the king had not begged him to teach him!

He went back and spent another year delving deep into scriptures. He visited the palace once again at the end of the year.

The king received him with honour, but said, very politely and humbly again, "Sir, may I suggest that you spend one more year on your studies!"

The scholar stood in silence. He understood that there was no sarcasm in the king's voice. Rather, there was a sincerity which impressed the scholar. He went back home.

Why did the king, who was known to be kind and truthful, ask him to study the scriptures again and again? Why did the king think that he had not studied the scriptures properly?

The scholar became very thoughtful. He sat down to



study the holy books again.

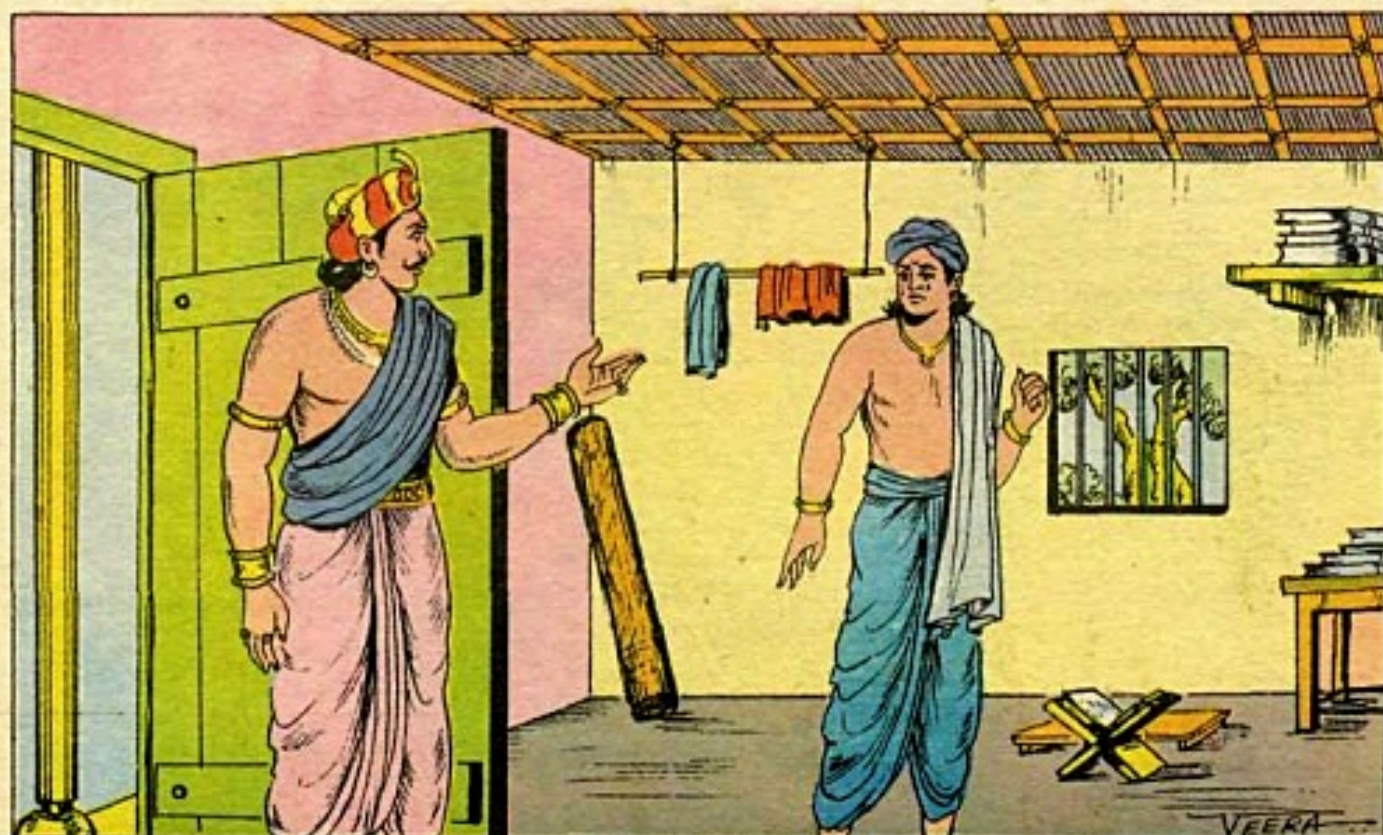
He did not go to meet the king at the end of the year. He had begun to find a new meaning in the books he had read so many times before. He was no longer eager to teach anybody else, but to discover God within himself. That is what the Bhagavatam and the Gita now inspired him to do. He was no more proud of his learning because he felt that with all his knowledge he could not fathom even a little of God.

Years passed. One day he heard a knock on his door. He opened it and saw the king standing before him.

"Sir, did you forget about your appointment with me?" the king asked respectfully.

There were tears in the scholar's eyes. "My lord," he said, "it was in my pride and ignorance that I thought of teaching you. I know nothing. I came to know that I knew nothing only when you asked me to read the scriptures again and again. I am grateful to you. I had no courage to meet you."

"Because you did not come to me, I came to you," said the king humbly. "Now you can teach me. I have much to learn from you."





A Folktale From Finland

THE LOST BRIDE

Once upon a time there lived a brother and a sister named Osmo and Ilona. They had no other kin in the world and were very poor. Though they worked hard they could hardly manage to make both ends meet.

Osmo decided to go out and try his fortune. His sister stayed at home. He soon reached a beautiful city and took work there as a shepherd. The king's son who was fond of making friends with strangers got to know him and often came out to talk to him as he guarded the sheep.

One day they fell to talking idly in the course of which Osmo declared that he had nev-

er seen anyone prettier than his own sister. She was also talented and the most kind-hearted girl in the world! He described her virtues so warmly that the prince felt a great urge to see her. He requested Osmo to bring her.

"Will you marry her, if I bring her here?" asked Osmo.

"I promise, I will," replied the prince, "but if you fail to bring her, you will be punished."

Osmo returned home and told his sister all about the prince. She felt very happy at the prospect of seeing her brother's dear friend. The very next day they set out to meet the



prince. Ilona took all her worldly belongings including her little dog Pilka. They had not gone far in their boat when they saw a woman running on the shore calling out to them. Osmo was willing to stop, but Ilona restrained him saying that they did not after all know who the woman was! But the woman went on crying so piteously that Osmo rowed to the shore and took her into the boat.

Now, this woman was a very naughty witch. She asked them where they were going. Osmo told her all. Immediately she cast a spell on them so that they could not hear each other.

When they neared the prince's palace Osmo asked his sister to get ready with her best clothes on. Ilona could not hear him, though she could hear the witch. The witch told her that her brother was asking her to jump into the river. She could not understand this strange command and insisted on knowing why she must do so. Osmo, not able to hear her, grew angry and shouted at her. Poor Ilona ultimately jumped overboard. The waters closed over her and she sank down like a stone, as she did not know how to swim.

The bewildered Osmo tried to save her but his effort went in vain. He was overcome by grief and fright. The prince would certainly kill him. The witch told him not to fear for she had a plan. She would change herself into Ilona and put on her clothes. Nobody would know the difference! Osmo had to agree, for there was no other immediate solution at hand.

The prince, on seeing the false Ilona, was happy, but his face fell the moment the witch started talking, for she had not been able to change her voice. It still cackled like a witch's. "Why did you say that she was good in

everything?" demanded the angry prince and he had Osmo thrown into a den of snakes. "If you are innocent, the snakes will not harm you," he said.

Meanwhile, Ilona sank deeper and deeper and came to the lovely palace of the Sea King. All his subjects admired her and the king fell in love with her at first sight. He asked her to become his bride. But Ilona only wanted to go back into the green world above. She pleaded with the king, with tears in her eyes, to let her go up. At last the king agreed, saying, "You can go up for three nights. But you will have to wear the clothes I provide and if you don't succeed in breaking the spell in this period, you will have to return here and become my bride." Ilona agreed.

When evening came, the palace maids dressed Ilona in a wonderful robe of pearls and bound her ankles in long chains of silver that gave out wonderful music as she walked. She came up and the first thing she saw was her little dog Pilka. It had stayed there confident that its mistress would surely come. It bounded to her barking joyfully. She was delighted to see it.



Taking out a little piece of gold and silver embroidery from her pocket she asked the little dog to take it to the chamber of the prince and to keep it on his pillow. The dog did as it was told. While returning, it went to the den where Osmo was thrown and saw that he was safe.

When the prince woke up in the morning, he saw the embroidered cloth and wondered how it came there. He had never seen anything so beautiful. The witch said, "I made it at night to please you." The prince, however, did not believe her. Just then a messenger came in to tell that



Osmo was safe as ever. That meant Osmo was innocent. Puzzled, the prince went to a wise and holy woman who lived near the shore and told her everything.

"You have married a witch while your true bride lies under a spell. She is now with the Sea King. By sending you this embroidery she has indicated that she is still alive and she seeks your help," explained the holy woman.

"But where is she? How can I find her?" the prince asked anxiously. "Wait until tomorrow," was her answer.

The next night Ilona came up

again and this time gave a shirt to the dog to be given to the prince. She vanished with the dawn. The holy woman saw everything.

When the prince went to see the holy woman she told him, "Go to the smith and ask him to make a strong iron chain and a scythe. When your bride comes out of the water this night, fling the chain around her and cut the silver chains from her feet with the scythe. Then you must hold her tightly, for she will change her shape many times and try to escape because of the spell. If you can hold on till the end, she will be yours."

The prince hurried to the shore. When the moon rose he saw Ilona come out of the water. He followed the holy woman's instructions. After the chains were cut off, the prince held her tightly by the arm. Suddenly, Ilona changed into a silver fish and tried to slip out. But quick as lightning he drew out his knife and plunged it into the gills of the fish.

Immediately the fish became a golden bird which tried to fly away, but, the prince was quicker and he struck it down.

It changed into a green lizard

and tried to wriggle away, but with no success.

The lizard then turned into a tiny fly. It would have flown away but for his quick action in catching it and crushing it with his thumb.

The spell was broken at last and Ilona stood there in all her beauty. The delighted prince told her all that had come to pass. He wanted to take her away at once to the palace but she was frightened of the witch. So they spent the night in the holy woman's hut.

In the morning, the prince went alone to the palace. He carried with him, in a hidden bottle, some magic water given by the holy woman. As soon as the witch came out to greet him, he splashed the water on her face. She screamed and

shrieked. Slowly, her old haggard form came forth and in a moment the real witch was standing there, to the amazement of everyone around!

She changed herself into a crow and tried to fly away. But, she had lost her strength. She slumped down on the floor crowing woefully.

"Keep her in a cage till her end," the prince told his attendants. "But keep the cage away from the palace and don't forget to feed the crow."

The prince and Ilona rushed to Osmo's prison. The prince wept in shame for his conduct. But Osmo consoled him saying that all is well that ends well.

Next day, the prince married Ilona. In the evening the crow had died.

—Retold by M.H.



A STRANGE ADVICE

Keshav met the landlord of Ramgiri and requested him for a job.

"How much salary do you expect?" asked the landlord.

"That I leave to you!" said Keshav in all humility.

"That won't do. You must say how much would satisfy you."

"Well, Sir, can I get two hundred rupees a month?" asked Keshav with some hesitation.

"Why not!" said the landlord. "Join the work tomorrow."

Keshav became very happy. He did not expect the landlord to agree to his demand so easily. But soon he felt sad. "Why did I not demand three hundred rupees? The landlord would have certainly agreed to pay me at that rate! What a fool I was!" Keshav thought. He could not sleep a wink at night.

Next day he joined the work, but remained sad. At the end of the day the landlord called him and said, "Keshav! Here is some money. Please accept the amount. But stop coming from tomorrow. My old clerk is back."

"Thanks, Sir!" said Keshav with great relief. He bowed to the landlord and said again. "I have a small request to make to you. When you choose an employee, please decide his salary yourself, don't leave it to him!"

The landlord brooded over Keshav's advice for long, but it remained a riddle to him!



NEWS FLASH



Statue of Indira Gandhi

A huge statue, similar to the Statue of Liberty in the United States, is proposed to be erected on the high seas off Nariman Point, Bombay. Some industrial workers have launched the scheme.

The 85-year old Youth

Margia Kitoxta is 85 years old and a hunch-back too. He was tending his cattle in a pasture of northern Kenya when a buffalo, one of Africa's most dangerous animals, charged him. The old man seized the beast by the horns and wrestled with it for an hour. The bull gave up. It shook itself free and fled into the forest.



Buddha Museum

An international museum depicting the life and teachings of Gautama Buddha will soon take shape at his birth-place, Lumbini, close to the Indo-Nepalese border. India will give Rs. 30,000,000.00 to Nepal for the project.

The Railway That Nearly Beaf The Buffalo

To feed the men building a railway across the American continent, a famed hunter, Buffalo Bill, killed thousands of buffalos and helped to bring the beast near to extinction.

Huge juicy steaks of buffalo meat sizzled over the fire in the camp cookhouse. It was hungry work building the railway across the American continent 100 years ago, and the men needed their nourishing steaks.

The railway represented progress, an important link between the east and west coasts. But to the buffalo it meant one step nearer to virtual extinction.

During an 18-month stretch of work feeding the railway-builders, the famous hunter, Buffalo Bill, killed nearly 4,000 buffalos, his record being 69 in one day.

Nowadays, thanks to devoted and painstaking conservation, the remnants of the once mighty buffalo herds that roamed the plains in their thousands have been gathered together and protected, so that small pockets survive. There are 30,000 buffalos in the United States' national parks, and in Canada there is a herd of nearly 20,000.

To the Indians of the great plains, the bison—to give this animal its correct name—was a very important game animal. It provided the Indian with material for his tents and his robes. He lived a good part of the time on the fresh meat, which is almost as good as beef. And for the winter, the northern tribes made a preparation of the dried meat with berries and fats, called pemmican. This furnished a nutritious and well-balanced meal.

The massive head is the most characteristic feature of the bison, which is the largest of the American hoofed animals. In early times, bison herds moved from one feeding ground to another, going northward in the spring and returning southward in the autumn.

The southward migration occurred in herds numbering millions of animals. They travelled

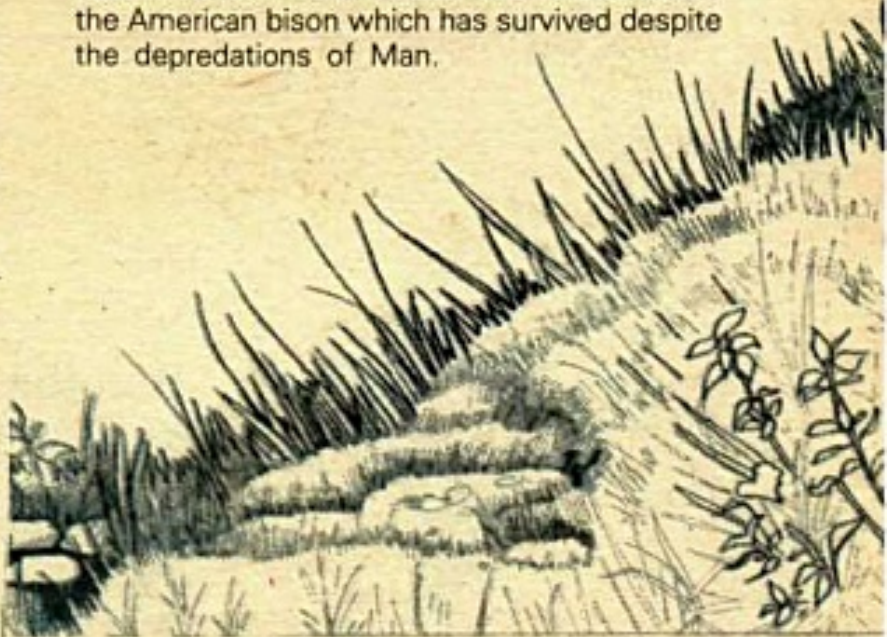
hundreds of kilometres, swimming mighty rivers and climbing or descending steep banks, cliffs and precipices. They followed the same routes year after year, usually in single file, making paths that became lasting trails nearly a metre deep.

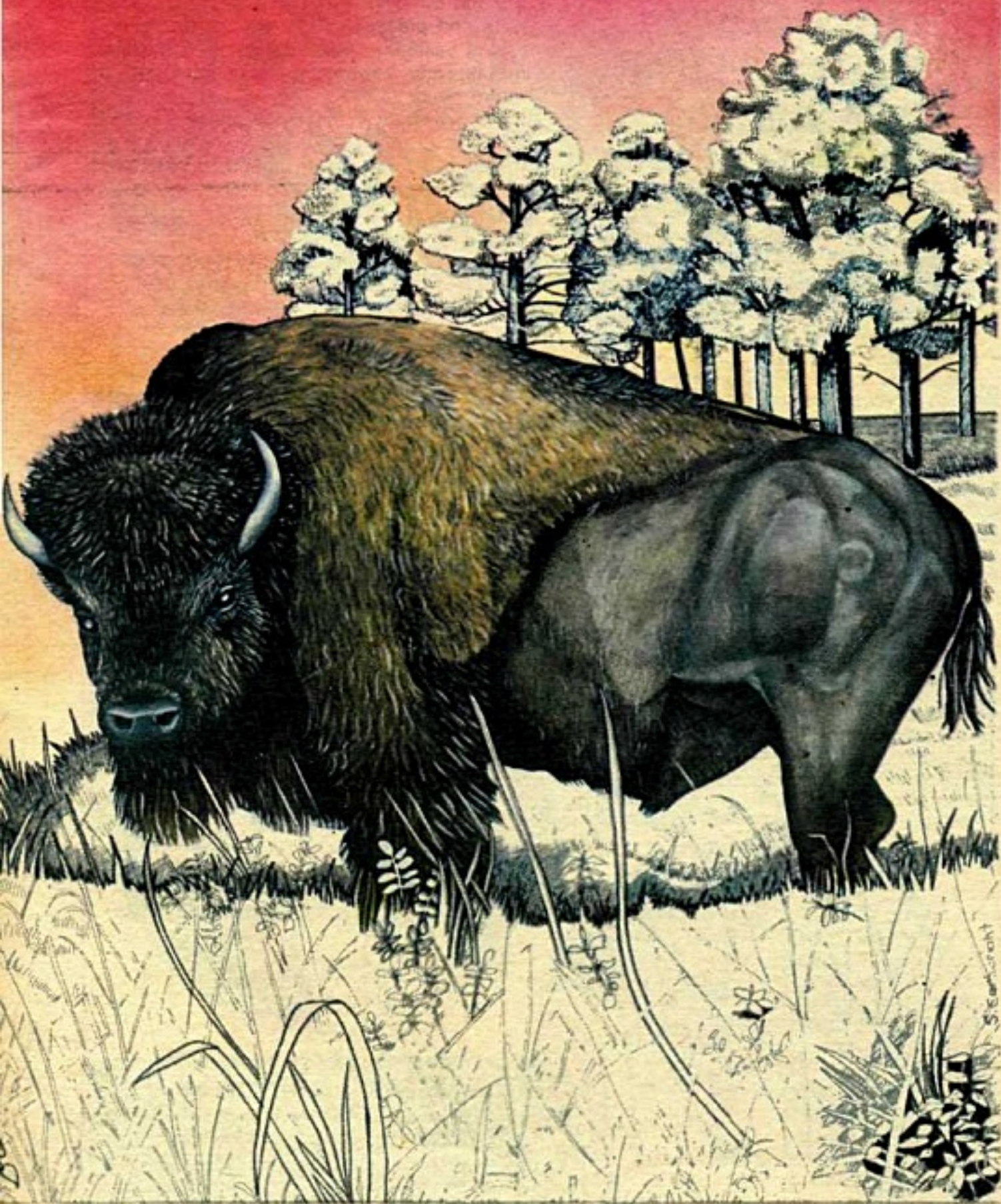
The northward movement began in the spring, after the calves were strong enough to travel. In this movement, they separated into smaller herds, the bulls occupying the outer circle, the cows and calves the inner. When danger threatened, the herd closed in, the bulls facing outward to protect the weaker members.

The principal enemy of the bison, apart from white men and the Indians, was the grey or buffalo-wolf which hung in packs about the outer edge of the herds, and often succeeded in isolating and capturing a calf. The grizzly bear was the only animal that could kill a bison bull in single combat.

Vast herds of bison must once have roamed Europe and Asia as well as North America. There was probably a land bridge connecting Asia and America at one time, where the Bering Straits now are. Across the bridge would have come the bison.

The various types of bison are all of one family and will readily interbreed. Until recently, there were four types: the wisent or European bison, the plains and forest bison of North America, and the fourth type, extinct since 1918, the Caucasian. After the First World War, the wild European wisent became extinct. Fortunately, survivors from zoos formed the basis of a new herd. Heroic efforts also saved the American bison which has survived despite the depredations of Man.





S. G. K. 1917

LAUGH WITH NASRUDDIN

WHO KNOWS!

Mulla Nasruddin was walking in a friend's company. A group of boys surrounded them and asked for contribution for a feast they proposed to hold.



"Why bother to hold a feast when the Sultan is throwing a feast for all just now?" asked the Mulla in order to get rid of them.



On hearing this, one of the boys began to run towards the Sultan's palace. He was followed by another—then yet another and then all of them! Then, suddenly, the Mulla began to run.



His friend caught hold of him and asked him the reason. "One or two or even three may be wrong. But don't you see all of them rushing? Who knows if the Sultan is not throwing a feast, after all?" said the Mulla!



RIVERS OF INDIA

THE GANGA OF THE SOUTH

Long long ago, once there befell a severe drought in the kingdom of the Cholas. The period of monsoon passed even without a shred of cloud to be seen in the sky. Rivers and lakes dried up. All the people were in distress.



King Thondaman was the most distressed man. The plight of his subjects kept him pensive day and night. He had no interest in the pleasures of the palace or debates in the court.



Eager to find some solution to the problem—though not sure what the solution could be—the king wandered through his kingdom. The condition of his country only caused him greater sorrow. He was in a sort of daze.



The great sage, Agastya, had passed some time in the Sahyadri hills, meditating in solitude. Always full of compassion and goodwill for people, he came out into the locality for a while, as he did from time to time.

In the frontiers of the kingdom of Kutaka (Coorg) and the Chola kingdom, King Thondaman met the sage. The sage was deeply moved by the king's agony. He decided to act.



The kingdom of Kutaka was then ruled by Kavera, a noble king. Sage Agastya led King Thondaman to his court and revealed that a river was about to emerge out of the Sahyadri hills.

The sage desired the emerging river's course to be directed towards the Chola country. King Kavera agreed. He led a workforce into the Sahyadri hills, under the sage's direction.



Sage Agastya sat in meditation in order to invoke the spirit of the river that was in the process of formation. He appealed to it to come out as soon as possible. Intense was his prayer.

When he knew that his prayer was about to be answered, he began directing the workers to do the needful. Accordingly, rocks were set up to make the water flow towards the Chola kingdom.





At an auspicious hour broke forth the expected flow. Sweet, but swift, it coursed down to the valley and made its way towards the Chola kingdom, to the great joy of King Thondaman.

King Kavera had a charming daughter, named Kaveri. Sage Agastya suggested that the newborn river bear the name of the princess. Thus the river became known as the Kaveri.



The river Kaveri became the symbol of friendship between two ancient kingdoms of India. The Kaveri is one of the sacred rivers of India, often called the Ganga of the South.



FACE TO FACE WITH THE BANDIT

Ramu was a happy-go-lucky cartman. Travellers who arrived by the Nalgonda bus and wanted to go to Juloor, a village 10 kms away, always preferred to hire Ramu's horse-cart. That is because Ramu used to tell them fanciful stories and entertain his passengers all along the way.

One day, three tradesmen from a far-off village hired a horse-cart and were on their way to meet the zamindar of the village Juloor. It was Ramu's last trip for the day. That is why there were no cooked-up adventures and no wasting of time. He hastened lest darkness should overtake them before they crossed the thick jungle on the way.

When they had almost crossed the jungle, the tradesmen

asked the cartman to stop the horse-cart for a while. They wanted to get off the cart and stretch a bit their aching limbs.

Suddenly, a shout shattered the evening peace of the jungle, and before they knew what it was, the travellers saw a bandit standing right in front of them, wielding a shining sword.

"Don't you move!" shouted the bandit. "I'm Bhim Dakoo, the terror of the forest. Who has not heard of me?"

The tradesmen had cold feet at the very mention of the bandit's name. They had heard a lot about his ruthless looting and heartless killing of innocent travellers. Fear of death gripped them and they dropped to their knees pleading.

"Please, do not harm us! We are ready to give you what'er

you want. Spare our lives, please."

"Keep all your money and belongings on this piece of cloth and start running until you cross this jungle. I shall strike your heads off if you dare stop and look behind!" threatened the bandit.

Just as they were about to surrender their belongings and money, the travellers heard a roaring laughter behind them.

"Ha! Ha! So, you're Bhim Dakoo, the notorious bandit on whose head the king has fixed a price!" said Ramu. "Listen! I'm Raj, Chief of the king's police. I've been looking for you since

long in different disguises. I've got you at last!" Ramu slowly advanced towards the bandit with measured steps of boldness.

On seeing this unexpected turn of events, the bandit showed signs of nervousness and he dropped his raised hand which was wielding the sword. In an instant, the three tradesmen pounced upon him and pinned him to the ground. The cartman swiftly pulled out a strong rope and soon the bandit was lying in the cart, securely tied up!

The next morning they were all at the king's court.



"I'm very happy to hear of your brave act," said the king after hearing the story of the bandit. "I'd in fact declared a reward on this notorious bandit who has been troubling travellers passing through the jungles, for the past one year. You'll be suitably rewarded," assured the king.

"Maharaj, to tell you the truth, we did not have the courage to capture this dangerous bandit. It is your brave police chief who merits your reward. Had he not been there, we would have probably lost not only our money but also our lives. Who knows!" explained one of the tradesmen.

The king looked at Ramu, surprise writ large on his face.

"Maharaj, I beg your pardon for pretending to be the police chief," said Ramu apologetically.

"But, you see, Maharaj, there was no other way to frighten the bandit and at the same time to instil courage in these travellers who had completely given up. I felt that your name and the name of your brave police chief alone would save the situation. Fortunately, the plan worked out wonderfully," explained Ramu.

The tradesmen and all the others in the court were surprised on hearing Ramu.

"I appreciate your presence of mind and your courage," said the king as he gave away the reward to Ramu.

Later, the tradesmen too gave Ramu some money for having saved their lives and money.

Ramu felt happy because for once his habit of telling tall tales and boasting had paid off well!





New Tales of King
Vikram and the Vampire

THE STRANGE JUDGMENT

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of thunder-claps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of ghosts. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the spirit that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I can say from my experience that kings in general are whimsical. They just let opportunities for doing certain things slip by. Hope, you are not one of such kings. Let me give you an example to illustrate my point. Pay attention to it. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: When the Kingdom of Karnika was ruled by King Divyendu, a ban-

dit became a menace. Ugrashil was the bandit's name. He made the hills in the interior of the forest his citadel. He raised a gang and trained each member of it in riding, fencing and lathi-play almost to perfection. The gang not only stripped those who passed by the forest, but also raided the houses of the wealthy in distant villages. Most swiftly they escaped into the forest with their booty.

Several times the king sent his sepoy to flush out the bandits, but in that difficult region the sepoy were no match for the bandits. Once the bandits had entered their hide out in the hills, the sepoy were helpless.

Ugrashil and his followers always put on loose masks on their faces when they were out for plunder. That is why nobody ever saw their faces. When they roamed about normally in towns or villages, nobody suspected their nature.

Ugrashil's wife always grumbled against his way of life. "Let's go over to some village and live as poor people. We will be then without any fear or anxiety. What satisfaction can be there in living as criminals, though with a lot of money?"



she often told her husband.

"It is not possible for me to change over to any different life-style—not in this life!" replied Ugrashil.

A son was born to Ugrashil after a long time. This resulted in a great change in Ugrashil's conduct. He was reluctant to go out for plunders. When he saw a child in any household, he passed some time in caressing it and never touched any ornament the child or its mother wore.

His two deputies told him, "Sardar! Is it right for a bandit to have such weaknesses? You are losing your alertness!"

Ugrashil nodded and smiled.

He neither quarrelled with them nor changed his conduct.

One day Ugrashil's spies brought the news that a party of wealthy merchants were to pass by a road that was not far from the forest. Ugrashil and his gang got ready to launch an attack on the party. They went to the border of the forest and waited. Their spies climbed the tallest trees and kept a watch on the road.

Ugrashil sat leaning against a tree. He dozed off for a moment. He dreamt a fearful dream. The chief of the king's police force spotted him and hurled a spear at him. It pierced

his back. His wife who saw it shrieked and tried to reach him in a hurry. But the rock on which they stood slipped and they fell down into a gorge.

Ugrashil gave out a cry and his thin sleep ended.

"What happened, Sardar?" asked his deputies.

"Nothing," replied Ugrashil. Just then his spies on the tree-top sent the signal to tell him that it was time for the gang to attack the pilgrims.

"Let's gallop forth", proposed the deputies.

"No!" said Ugrashil. He felt that his dream indicated danger. He decided to call off the prop-



osed attack.

"What do you mean, Sardar?" asked the surprised deputies.

"We must return to our homes!" was Ugrashil's command.

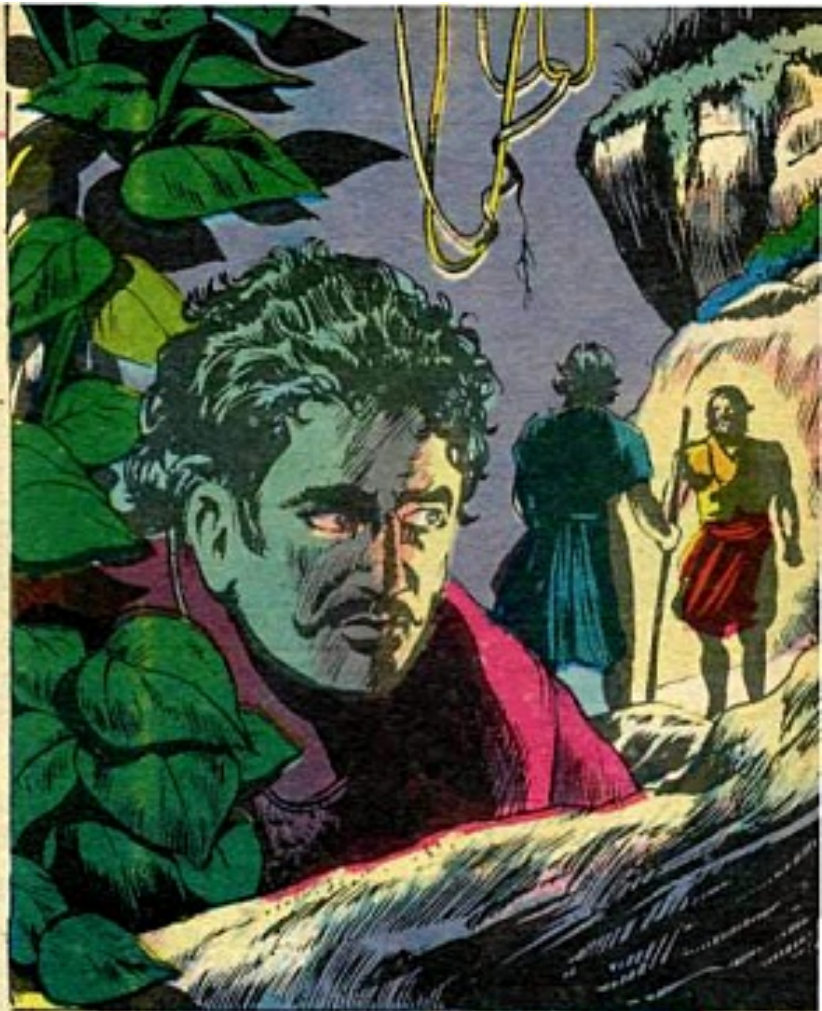
The gang had to obey their chief's order. But it was clear that they were unhappy. On their return journey they received another shock from Ugrashil. He told them, "I am thinking of surrendering myself to the king. You are welcome to follow me if you so please!"

"But won't that mean our being punished?" the deputies asked in surprise.

"Yes, but that will free us from all anxiety. What is more, I am very much concerned about my son's future. I don't want him to grow up in a forest, in the shadow of fear. If an encounter takes place with the king's sepoys, my wife's and my son's lives too will be in danger. I want to avoid this," explained Ugrashil.

His two deputies looked at each other, but said nothing.

Back in the hills, Ugrashil announced his decision to all the members of the gang. They stood speechless.



That night Ugrashil could not sleep. At midnight he came out of his hut. He saw his two deputies talking under a rock. He went closer to them and heard what they were saying. "Once the Sardar surrenders to the king, the sepoys will find out our hideout. That will be our end," said one.

"Right. We must see to it that neither the Sardar nor his wife has any chance to meet the king!" said the other.

Ugrashil had no difficulty in understanding what was in their minds. They planned to kill him and his wife. In the process they were not likely to spare the child



either.

He woke up his wife. Hurriedly they slipped out of the forest along with their child.

They walked the whole night. Ugrashil knew a short-cut out of the forest which nobody else knew. In the morning they reached a village. Ugrashil hired a carriage and proceeded to the town.

It was evening when they reached the town which was the capital of Karnika. They took on rent a room in an inn. At night Ugrashil told his wife, "I must meet the king in privacy and surrender to him. Let him punish me, but you will be

safe."

His wife wept and said, "Is it necessary to surrender to the king? Is it not enough to change the mode of your living? Why should we not just live quietly?" "How can we? I have no money with which to buy any land or begin any trade. Besides, today or tomorrow the king will come to know who I am. If I declare myself and am sent to jail, according to the law of this land you and the child will be given shelter in the king's charity home," said Ugrashil. Without waiting to know his wife's reaction, he set out into the dark.

With ease he climbed the king's palace. The guards could not see him.

He knew when the king retires to bed. He wanted to meet him just before that. He managed to reach the entrance into the royal bed-room. Before he had crossed into the room, he tumbled upon a lampstand. The sound alerted the king's bodyguards. At once they pounced upon him.

"My lord, all I wanted was to talk to you privately," he said looking at the king.

"Disarm him," commanded the king.

The bodyguards thoroughly searched Ugrashil's person. But no arm was found. The king asked the bodyguards to leave the intruder alone with him.

Ugrashil told the king all about his change of heart and prayed to him to give shelter to his wife and son. He was prepared for any punishment.

The king brought out a bag from the next room. Giving it to Ugrashil, he said, "Go and begin a new life."

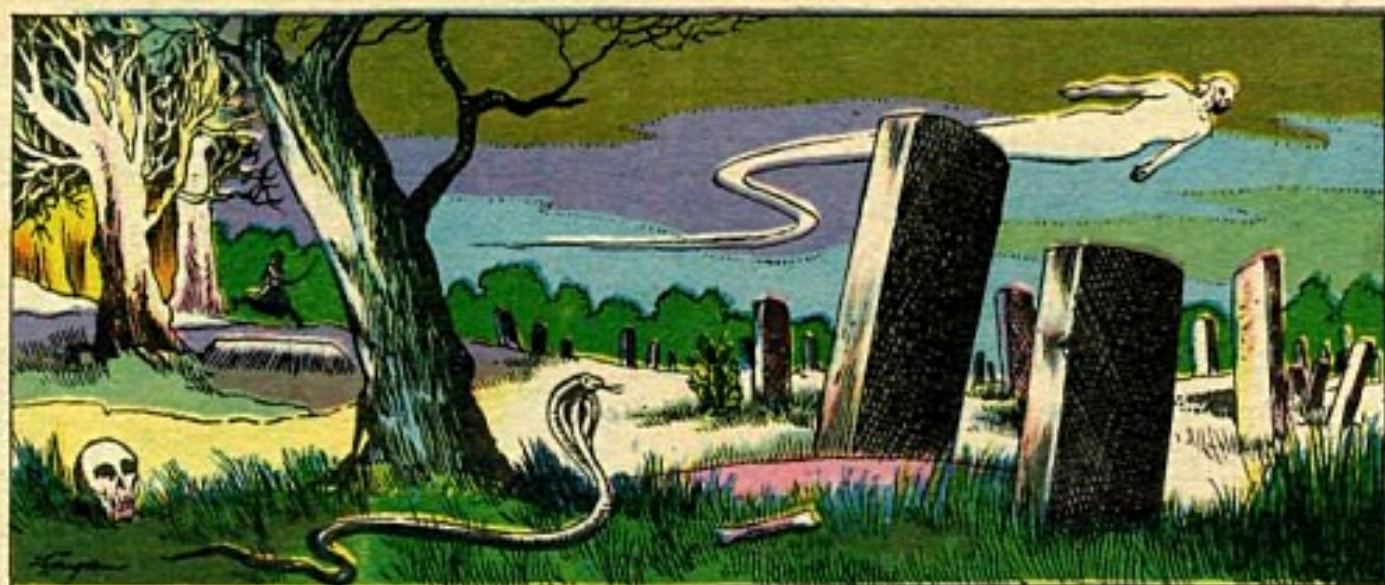
The grateful Ugrashil understood that the bag contained money. He touched the king's feet. The king called his bodyguards and asked them to escort Ugrashil to his inn.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, how did King Divyendu know for certain that Ugrashil had not been there to kill him? Knowing him to be the dreaded criminal how did he let him go free? Why did he provide him with money? What could be his plan about the members of Ugrashil's gang? Answer me, O King, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your



neck."

Answered King Vikram forthwith: "King Divyendu at first ascertained that the intruder carried no arm. Had Ugrashil wanted to murder the king, he could not have entered the palace without any arm! Then, why should he confess to be the dreaded Ugrashil when nobody had ever seen his face? This convinced the king that Ugrashil had really had a change of heart. A conscientious ruler should not only punish a criminal, but also be keen to reform him. The king felt that Ugrashil ought to be given a chance to lead a normal life.



“So far as Ugrashil’s gang is concerned, the king must have thought that its members might feel inspired to surrender when they learn that Ugrashil has been pardoned. If they don’t surrender, the king can suppress them because their strength lay

in their leader and the leader had deserted them. So, we see that King Divyendu acted wise.”

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





THE POETS' COMMITTEE

King Raghunandan was a great lover of poetry. He encouraged poets to come to his court and recite their compositions. He rewarded them amply.

He formed a committee of the best poets. New poets desiring to see the king had first to satisfy the committee. This way, the king gave audience only to the selected poets.

The system worked well and the king was happy.

One day, King Raghunandan was taking a stroll in his palace garden. He was enjoying the beauty of the flowers and the songs of the colourful birds in the trees. Just then two poets came to him seeking his audience.

The king was in a jolly mood and he was glad to give the

poets a hearing. But, his mood became one of disappointment when the poets completed their recitations full of flatteries for the king. He ordered an attendant to give them some money and to send them away.

"Mukund, what has happened to our poets?" the king asked his minister. "Are these the best poets of our kingdom? Has the standard of our poets fallen so low as this?" The king was worried as well as anxious.

Minister Mukund kept silent.

"Do they think that by writing a couplet or two they become poets? Moreover, I had asked the Poets' Committee to send me only the best poets and not such flatterers!" The king was disturbed and angry.

The minister replied in a calm

tone: "Maharaj, our kingdom does not lack in good poets!"

"How do you say so? Haven't we formed a committee of the very best of our poets? But what can they do if good poets are not available?" said the king.

The minister thought it wise to remain quiet.

A few weeks later, Deepak Dev, quite an unknown poet, came to the king and recited some marvellous poems. They were mostly about Nature's beauty. King Raghunandan was very pleased and said in appreciation, "Your poetry is indeed of a high standard! You deserve to become my court-poet!"

Happy and proud, the king then turned to his minister and said, with a little taunt, "So, Mukund, the committee discovered a truly gifted poet, after all?"

The minister looked at Deepak Dev. The poet stepped forward and said, "My lord, pardon me for my saying that I've been able to come to you only by hiding my best poems from the Poets' Committee!"

The king looked puzzled.

"Maharaj, you've welcomed this man as a great poet and even offered him a place in your court," said the minister. "Let me now tell you the story be-



hind it. When I happened to read these poems of Deepak Dev, I knew that he deserves to come to your notice. But I had my suspicions about the committee. I sent a friend with these poems to the committee. He was at once rejected.

"Does it mean that you have come to me without the permission of the Poets' Committee?" the king asked Deepak Dev.

"No, my lord, how could I do that?" said the poet. "I went to the Committee of Poets, but, instead of presenting my best poems, I recited before them very ordinary couplets. It is well-known in our circle that the poets in the committee are very jealous. They do not permit any good poet to come to you. So, I acted as a very ordinary poet and thereby gained their

favour," explained Deepak Dev.

"I must punish the committee!" said the king, quite agitated.

"My lord, that won't be fair. They are good as poets, but not as judges. They write good poetry when inspiration comes to them. At other times they act as ordinary human beings, selfishly. It is only rarely that we meet a person who is talented and noble at the same time," explained the minister.

The king nodded. He announced that thereafter a poet could come to him straight, without passing through the Committee.

Once again, inspired poetry filled the halls of the king's palace.





FUN WITH A STRANGER

Sadanand was an intelligent young man. He was not evil by nature either. But he had one weakness: he loved to joke with others. His own friends enjoyed it and that encouraged him. They did not realise the harassment they caused to innocent people.

Although many in the village disliked Sadanand's behaviour, nobody rebuffed him. The reason was, Sadanand was the head-clerk in the zamindar's office. In those days the Zamindars were the masters over the villagers. People were afraid of Sadanand lest he harmed them by virtue of his position.

One evening Sadanand and his friends were relaxing on the bank of the lake outside the

village when they saw a bare-footed stranger in soiled clothes entering the village. Sadanand looked bright at the prospect of pulling someone's legs.

"Namasthe. Can we help you?" he asked the stranger feigning politeness.

"Can you direct me to Ratnakar's house?" asked the stranger.

Sadanand took it for granted that the stranger was looking for a certain peasant by that name. "Sorry, Sir, the man you are looking for has gone over to the town!" said Sadanand.

"What a pity! I came all the way from the town only to find that my friend has left for the town! Very well, I understand that there is a guest house in

your village. Will you please show me the way to it?" asked the stranger.

"There is a guest house, true, but one must fulfil certain conditions in order to spend a night there," said Sadanand gravely.

"What are the conditions?" asked the stranger, quite surprised.

"Do you see that tree? One must climb it fifty times and jump down every time. If one is not ready for this feat, one must feed four youths. It is not easy for anyone to find four youths in order to feed them. However, we four friends are always there to oblige any stranger," said

Sadanand.

"But you must not inflict too much food on us. We can take ten Rasagollas each and no more. Of course, we won't mind a few luddos and some salty dishes," added a friend of Sadanand.

The stranger now cast a suspicious look at Sadanand and nodded.

"It does not matter if my friend Ratnakar is not at home. Will you please show me his house?" he asked.

"There it is," Sadanand pointed his hand at a hut.

"Is that Ratnakar's house? I refuse to believe you. Young





men, must you be funny with this stranger?"

"But, Sir, that is truly Ratnakar's house!" asserted Sadanand.

Before the stranger had said anything more, there was a sudden change in the situation. The Zamindar appeared on the scene. The young men stood up and greeted him with a show of humility.

"Ratnakar!" exclaimed the stranger.

The Zamindar came closer to him and exclaimed in return, "Bhusan! What are you doing here and why are you looking so miserable?"

They embraced each other.

"My carriage got upturned while I was three miles away from your village. I sent my coachman and my servant to the bazaar to get the vehicle repaired. Because my coachman had got a slight cut in one of his feet, I thought that he ought not to walk barefooted. I gave away my socks and shoes to him and began walking. On reaching your village I was enquiring about you."

Only then did Sadanand remember that the Zamindar's name too was Ratnakar. He was generally called as Rao Sahib. Besides, the soiled clothes of the stranger had made him think that he must have been a relative of Ratnakar, the poor peasant.

"What were you doing, Sada, instead of showing the gentleman the way to my house?" the Zamindar demanded of Sadanand.

Sadanand stood speechless.

"Well, well, I was just talking to them!" the stranger said. Both the old friends moved away happily.

The four friends looked at one another and dispersed without any exchange of words

among themselves. Sadanand appeared to be quite sick!

Sadanand was afraid of reporting for work the next day. He felt almost sure that the Zamindar will chuck him out of his job. He felt as if he had grown ten years in age in the course of a single day!

He stood on his verandah in the afternoon when he saw the stranger, the Zamindar's guest, having a stroll. Sadanand walked up to him and bowed down to him.

"Is this your house?" asked the guest smilingly and climbed to the verandah. Sadanand received him with great show of reverence and led him into his house.

"Sadanand, I must ask you what a traveller, if he is old and poor, should do to deserve to pass a night in the guest house. He can neither jump from the

tree fifty times nor feed four young men. I should have asked my friend, the Zamindar, why he made such queer rules after founding the guest house!" observed the guest.

Sadanand could not check his feeling of guilt and shame. He broke down and stammered out, "Pardon me, Sir!"

"Please don't feel disturbed. I do not intend telling the Zamindar anything about it." The guest patted Sadanand on the back and went away.

Sadanand attended the office as usual the next day. The Zamindar did not take him to task for his conduct towards the stranger. He understood that the noble guest had made no complaint against him to the Zamindar.

Thereafter nobody saw Sadanand being rude to anybody. He grew humble and well-behaved.



WHO WROTE THE RAMAYANA ?

doing the whole day? They teach wrestling only in the evening. Let them impart education to the kids during the day! Issue our order accordingly!" said the Raja.

That was done. The wrestlers were given grants only for sets of clothes in which they would look like teachers.


"Go and check the progress of education," the Raja told his minister after a year.

The minister reached a school and saw that the venerable teacher lay on the table, snoring. The students were making a riot.

The minister brought the situation to order and asked a boy, "Who wrote the Ramayana?"

"Believe me, Sir, not I. So far I have drawn only lines on my slate," the boy replied in earnest.

The minister, taken aback, put the question to another boy. On the verge of weeping, the boy replied, "Sir, do you suspect us? I never wrote anything



A century ago the state of Mahingarh was ruled by Raja Gobuchandra. He was very fond of wrestling and gymnastics. In his state he had founded a hundred wrestling clubs. Wrestlers were appointed to teach the art to others. They were paid by the Raja.

Once the Raja went out on a pilgrimage. He found that the Rajas of the other states gave much attention to education. Back home, he too decided to found schools.

"We must set a fund apart for founding schools," said his minister.

"Why? What are the wrestlers



like that!"

The minister lost his patience. He gave a push to the wrestler who woke up while falling from the table. "I asked your students who wrote the Ramayana and they say none of them has done so!" complained the minister.

"Is that so? I'm sure one of those naughty chaps must have written that. I'll find out!" The wrestler flexed his muscles and advanced upon the boys.

"Wait!" shouted the minister. "You must not beat them."

The minister returned to the Raja and reported the matter to him and said, "My lord, wrestlers are good for wrestling; we cannot expect them to impart education. If you wish to run schools, you have to grant funds for appointing qualified teachers."

"Let it be so," agreed the Raja.

"You fight for money; but I fight for honour!" boasted one.

"I suppose each fights for what he lacks most," calmly observed the other.



THE PHYSICIAN'S PHILOSOPHY

In the village Shivpur lived a famous physician named Ramnath. He treated all his patients—rich or poor—with equal care.

One night he woke up at knocks on his door. He opened the door and saw two visitors. He asked them what their problems were. The young man's sister had swooned away. The other man, a farmer, said that his grandson was running high temperature and was given to delirium.

"Can both of you pay me my fees?" asked Ramnath.

The farmer kept quiet. The young man stepped forward and said, "I can pay you right now—in advance!"

"In that case, young man, you go to the other physician, Jaydas. The fact is, both the patients need immediate attention. Jaydas won't visit or treat any patient free. Let me accompany this poor man who, it seems, cannot pay," explained Ramnath.



Do You Know?

Moscow's Lenin Stadium can accommodate 1,03,000 people.



The world's rarest stamp today was issued in 1856 by the Government of British Guiana. Then it was worth a penny; its latest price is Rs 12,00,000.00. Only one of its kind exists.

Our galaxy has about 250 billion stars. At least 100 billion other galaxies are known to exist.



A pulsar is a small star made up of neutrons so densely packed that if one pulsar of the size of our 50-paise coin will land on the earth, it would weigh about 100 million tons.

American Playwright Max Anderson could write only when it rained. Once when it was necessary to rewrite a play, he travelled to Baltimore where it was raining. Finally arrangements were made to sprinkle water on his New York home so that he could write.



THE PORTMANTEAU WORD

"What are you looking for in the dictionary, Reena? I was under the impression that you were a living dictionary yourself—of course a slim pretty pocket edition of it!" observed Grandpa Chowdhury as he entered the study room of Reena and Rajesh.

"Rajesh writes to tell me of a lecture on a topic called *Reganomics* by some American professor this evening. The word puzzles me. It is not there in the dictionary—not even in that rare 19th century lexicography!" Reena sounded exasperated.

"O dear Reena, it is as good as trying to discover spaghetti in an old hotel menu card! *Reganomics* is a word coined from Regan's economics—that is to say, President Regan's economic policies. Were you not using the word *brunch* the other day—coined from breakfast and lunch?"

"O Grandpa! What liberties they have started taking with English language!"

"They have been taking such liberties since ages, Reena. There is nothing new about the practice of creating *Portmanteau* words. Yes, better remember this: it was Lewis Carol who gave the name portmanteau to such experimental words."

"But isn't *portmanteau* the name of a kind of bag?"

"Right, a travelling bag that can contain more than its size suggests. A portmanteau-word is a word into which are packed the sense and sound of two words. A hotel with serving facility for motor cars is a *motel*. I learnt this word way back in 1930 in the United States. Free ride become *fride*; a grand dandy is a *grandy*."

"Thank you, Grandpa. My mother must have been an expert in the art of portmanteau words. When she wanted Rajesh and myself together, she would shout 'Raree!'"



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan.



M. Natarajan

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for Dec. '84 goes to:—

Miss. R. Pushpalata, 7 Sangeet, Plot 76

Gawdianagar, Ghatkopar East, Bombay-77.

The Winning Entry:—'Reckless Adventure' & 'Confident Future'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Be sure always that your head be not higher than your hat.

—John Lyly.

Life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes on.

—E.G. Bulwer-Lytton.

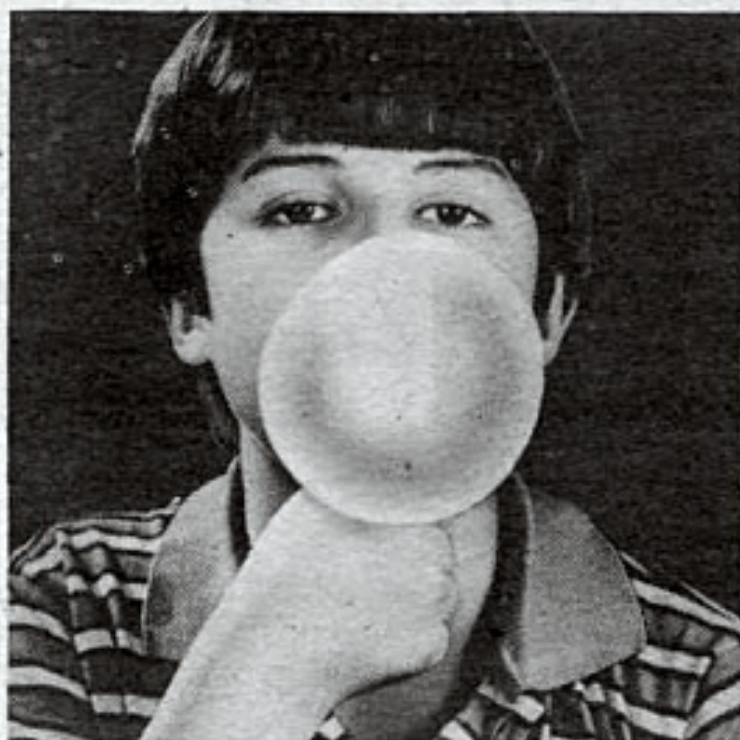
The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinions.

—James Russell Lowell.

**Bubble
Talk-1**

LET'S HAVE SOME BUBBLE GUM

To say this, first blow a bubble, then put your fist under it.



Blow a Big Fun and show it to your friends. It's easy to blow and the fun never ends.

Do you know how to blow a big bubble?



Pop it into your mouth. Chew it till it's nice and flat.



Press it against the back of your front teeth, with the tip of your tongue.



Blow air into the dip made by your tongue — and hey presto — What a big bubble!

**BIG
FUN**



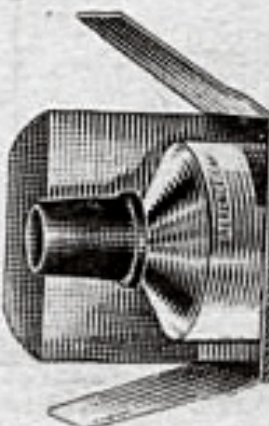
**The
big'n' easy
bubble gum.**

The day my son discovered cavities!



Forhan's Fluoride

The tasty, foamy toothpaste that protects both gums and teeth.



FOR THE GUMS
Forhan's

with active FLUORIDE to check tooth decay

331F-183



It was Raju's little sister Meena's birthday. It was a grand occasion for Raju. Nandu, Vinay, Rekha, Ashok all were to come with beautiful presents.

Raju couldn't think of a gift. He wanted to present something very very special.

He thought and thought and thought. Suddenly he hit upon an idea.

A mask, a beautiful colourful mask. Green stripes on the cap, pink on the cheeks, crimson lips.

With dashes of paint in no time he painted a mask on a piece of cardboard and cut it into shape.

What a colourful present: Meena was delighted.

Everyone talked about Raju and his wonderful present.

If Raju could paint, so can you.

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Results of Chandamama Camlin Colouring Contest No.38 (English)

1st Prize: Ruchira Wahi, Varanasi. 2nd Prize: Aparna Varadharajan, Bangalore-11. S.K. Asif Iqbal, Cuttack-12. Satyajit Sahu, Bhubaneswar. 3rd Prize: Prashant S Nair, Ottapalam-2. K. Unni Krishnan, Hyderabad-500 762. N. Sujata, Pune-11. R. Gayathri, Madras-28. S. Srinivas, Rajahmundry. Shveta Nanda, New Delhi-110 029. Arpita Nandy, Patna-800 001. A. Govardhana, Nellore-524 314. Vijay Krishna Kumar, Bangalore-560 038. A. Guru Prasad, Udupi.

OLEMESSA

BABY MASSAGE OIL

Time has really changed. I remember very well how Mummy used to do all her house-hold work and even then spared time to massage me

Now, Mummy does not have time, as she has to go to many important places like kitty Parties, Social get together etc., so Daddy finds time from his office to do house-hold jobs and massage me too.

Anyhow this makes no difference to me because my Oil still remains Olemessa Baby Massage Oil.

Contains No Synthetic or Perfume

Time has changed !



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